

THE GOAT

"A" "H Q" "B"

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

PRICE 10 CENTS

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

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OCTOBER 1928.

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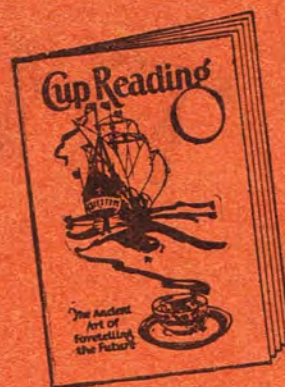
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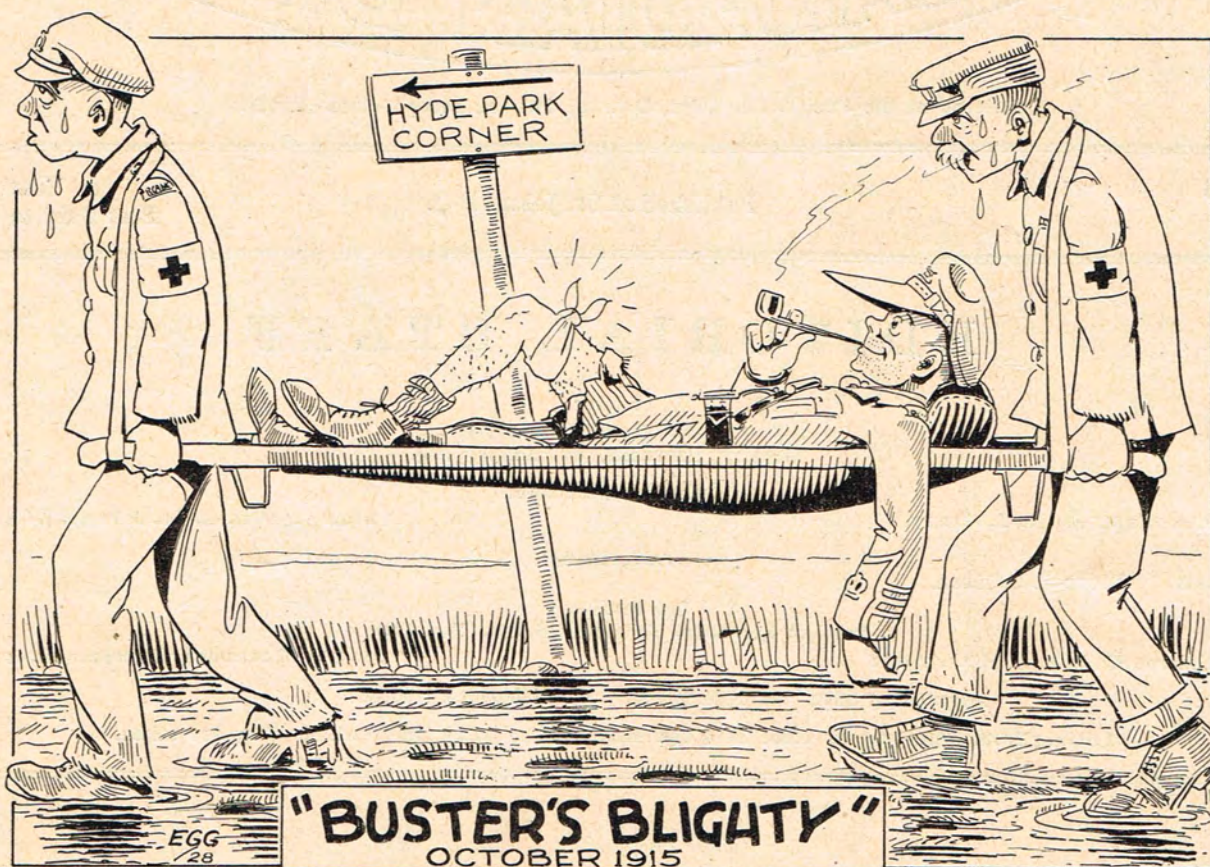
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This cartoon depicts Major W. R. Kingsford, O.C. "C" Squadron who was wounded during the relief of the 4th C.M.R.'s by the Canadian Cavalry Brigade, "Plug Street" Wood (the "Stable Wall"—the "Piggeries", October, 1915.

"The Regiment! It is impossible for the foreigner to realize what that word means to a British soldier. The splendour—the greatness—the romance of this awe-inspiring, wonderful creation in which he himself is privileged to have his being!"
—General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B.

Personal & Regimental

St. Johns.

Major J. G. Clark, M.C., 16th Lancers, visited the barracks with Col. Prower on the 9th inst. and had a ride before lunch. He tells us that our old friend Col. Geoffrey Brooks relinquishes command of The Queen's Lancers at the end of this year. The Regiment is stationed at Tidworth on the edge of Salisbury Plain.

We take great pleasure in welcoming Lieut. J. L. Hunter, R.C.A.M.C. who has taken up the duties of Station Medical Officer vice Major Williams who is on leave in England. Mr. Hunter hails from Winnipeg and is already a popular member of the garrison.

On Oct. 2nd a lunch was held in the Officers' Mess in honour of Capt. Joyce who leaves shortly to take up the duties of Supply Officer in Toronto.

On October 3rd Captain Joyce gave a farewell tea party at which the Officers of the station, accompanied by their wives, were present.

L/Cpl. Clarke and Jennings went to Montreal on the 17th to load on board the Canadian Fisher three horses consigned to the Imperial Government, Bermuda. Tpr. Elley, 'B' Squadron accompanied the horses from Toronto and spent a few hours at the Barracks.

Troopers J. Saunders and B. Craik have been struck off the strength of 'A' Squadron during the past month. Tpr. Craik is a patient at the Royal Victoria Hospital and is expected to be removed from there shortly and looked after by the D.S.C.R.. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Cpl. 'Jack' Cassidy was discharged from hospital a short time ago

and expects to be transferred to 'B' Squadron at the end of the month.

Victor Jewkes, (son of the famous Bill Jewkes) was taken on strength as a boy last month. He's a fine big lad and will, we feel sure, be a credit to his dad as well as a valuable member of the 1st Troop.

Troopers W. G. Bold and V. Legere left us last month for pastures new. We wish them every success and hope they will not forget us when in the vicinity.

Sergeant Campbell has returned from furlough. He states he had a fine holiday and is now ready to settle down to work for the winter.

The undermentioned candidates have reported to the R.C.S. of C. for a course of instruction:—

P/Lieut. F. B. Robinson, 7th Hrs.
P/Lieut. K. A. Scott, N.B.D.
P/Lieut. C. M. Mellish, 8th Hrs.
S.S.M. R. G. Travers, N.B.D.
Q.M.S. B. L. Hoyt, N.B.D.
Sergt. G. S. Black, K.C.H.
Cpl. H. A. Maxwell, N.B.D.
Cpl. J. Lewis, C.A.V.C.
Cpl. G. Williams, C.A.V.C.
Sgt. H. Petrie, 7th Hrs.
Tpr. E. Brown, N.B.D.

We are pleased to see our old friend, Teddy Barraclough in barracks the other day.

S.M.I., W.O.I., A.M. Doyle has reported to Cavalry Barracks for duty. He is accompanied by his wife and two children and will reside in town. All ranks are pleased to see him back again (he left us in January 1926) and we can already see an improvement in his health since he arrived.

Letters from Sgt. 'Pinky' Green, now on a course at Weedon, state he is getting along splendidly. We understand his contributions to the 'pool' are on the increase. It is

also rumoured that he will not return alone.

A Barracks Concert Party will be organized shortly. It is hoped that members of the barracks will come forward with their services again this year and make our Concert Party a success during the coming season. Those wishing to join this Party should get in touch with Q.M.S. Ellis.

Our congratulations to Sergeant R. Blake on his recent promotion.

Commander Champness, Lieut. Morris and Sub-Lieut. Inglis of H.M.S. Wistaria lunched in the officers' mess on Tuesday September 25th, and spent the afternoon going over the stables and barracks. Major and Mrs. Balders entertained them to tea. The next day Maj. and Mrs. Balders and Maj. Timmis attended a luncheon given by Commander Champness on board H.M.S. Wistaria in Victoria Dock Montreal.

A very nice letter was received by the O.C. Cavalry Barracks from Commander Gibson of H.M.S. Heliotrope in appreciation of the good time his men had during their visit to the barracks. Many messages from the crew and an extremely nice letter from Commander Champness of H.M.S. Wistaria are evidence of the good time the sailors had over the following weekend in the barracks. We hope the excellent entente between the Navy and Army will be made still stronger in the future.

The Horse Show at the new Madison Square Gardens, New York, will be held from the 8th to 14th of November. Six nations will compete: U.S.A., Canada, Belgium, Holland, Poland and Germany. Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., Captain Stuart C. Bates, R.C.D., and Captain L. D. Hammond, R.C.D., are expected to have the honour again this year of representing Canada using their first string—"Bucephalus," "Golden Gleam" and "Sergeant Murphy."

The rest of the horses will be chosen later from "Montreal," "Lucifer," "Uplands," General Toby" and "Rodeo." The Canadian Team is being sent without expense to the public. We wish them all good luck.

O.C. "A" R.C.D. received the following letter from Capt. F. Champness, H.M.S. 'Wistaria' at Montreal.

Nothing I can put on paper can adequately express the very real gratitude that we all feel in the 'Wistaria' to you, your officers, N.C.O.'s, and men for the perfectly wonderful time you put up for us. As the Captain, the knowledge that so many of my men were able to enjoy two days in such healthy company and atmosphere, was a source of great relief to me and I think I can convince you of the value of such a visit, when I tell you that not a single man overstayed his leave by so much as a minute, a fact, I partly attribute to the knowledge that at all costs the party at St. Johns would be returned to time.

I endeavoured to express to the senior N.C.O., who visited 'Wistaria' what I felt, but I should be grateful if you would convey the sentiments expressed in this letter to all those to whom we owe so much.

Your sincerely,

F. CHAMPNESS,

Commander, R.N.

Montreal Hunt.

The delayed opening meet of the Montreal Fox Hounds took place at the kennels, Fresnieres, at 11 o'clock on October 6th. Thanks to the visit of our good sportsman, Mr. Harold Hampson, M.F.H. and to the Veterinary Director General at Ottawa (Dr. Hilton) special permission was given to hunt the hounds, which have been in quarantine with suspected rabies for two months. A big field attended the opening meet. Many of the barrack friends were there, including Mr. George Ross; Dr.



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Ethier; Mr. E. R. Decary; Mr. Spachman, Mrs. Aiken; Miss Ruth Cowans and Mr. George Hampson. Capt. Drayton of Philadelphia, was a guest of the master, who mounted him on one of his English hunters, Major Timmis breakfasted in Montreal, with the master and motored out with Miss Ruth Cowans, who kindly mounted him on "Mountain Top," one of her successful show horses. The weather was superb but a little too warm for fox hunting. Many coverts were drawn, but only one fox was found which unfortunately ran to ground. There was plenty of good jumping and at three o'clock the master decided to go home. An excellent lunch was provided at the kennels' club house by the master, at which he made an excellent speech. The jolly party broke up at 4.30

The hounds will meet regularly, it is hoped, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The huntsman, Sutcliffe, promises a very good season's sport.

The Montreal Hunt Club was forced to cancel the opening meet on the 22nd September owing to a case of suspected rabies in the the kennels. The master, Mr. Harold Hampson, however, held a luncheon at the kennels Club House, and afterwards the party of a dozen horsemen rode for three hours across country without the hounds. Everyone voted it a really good ride. Major Timmis represented the Army and was very kindly mounted by the master.

SERGEANTS MESS "SHOOT"

The weather man kindly contributed a good day for the Sergeants Mess Annual Shoot on Sunday September 30, and a good representation took advantage and journeyed to the Ranges for the competition.

S.S.M.I. Hopkinson and S.M.I. Brown tied scores for the "Dow Rapid Fire Cup" and had to re-shoot for the honour the former winning the cup with a score 33 to 26.

S/Sergt. Taylor carried off the "D'Orsennens Cup" Sgt. Langley was the winner of a special prize of \$5 for the largest number of magpies which was donated by 'Bob' Edwards who looks after our wants whilst on Annual Musketry at the Ranges, and who also supplied the

necessary 'eats' and refreshments which were thoroughly enjoyed by all.

In the Honorary Members match Messrs. Neithercut Watson and Maxwell were winners of 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes respectively.

Sgt. Harris won the "Hon. Members Aggregate Cup."

A smoker will be held in the near future when the Cups and prizes will be distributed. Time to be notified later.

Bytown Bits.

Autumn Work:—The holiday season has finished and the units of the Ottawa garrison are getting ready for their fall and winter work. The Guards and 38th are finishing up their annual training and the Machine Gunners and Engineers are outlining their program for winter lectures etc. The A.S.C. and C.A.M.C., will have their usual meetings and the Artillery are looking forward to a social winter season. The P.L.D.G., are starting their semi-monthly gatherings and the R.C.N.V.R. are also getting things in shape.

Church Parade:—The annual fall church parade of the 38th Ottawa Highlanders was held on Sunday Oct. 7th. The regiment marched to Welcome Zion church the service being taken by the Major the Rev. H. H. Horsey, Chaplain of the 38th. Major Horsey was Chaplain of the unit overseas and is an enthusiastic soldier. The Roman Catholic party broke off at the church and move on to Blessed Sacrament Church where Major the Rev. Father O'Gorman M.C., delivered the sermon. The parade was under command of Lieut. Col. W. B. Megloughlin, M.C.

CAVALRY DINNER

A Cavalry Dinner will be held at the Place Viger Hotel, Montreal on Saturday, October 27th. The Cavalry Branch of the Canadian Legion are making all arrangements and a good turnout is expected.

Tickets may be obtained from the secretary, F. W. Powell, Apt. 4, 1308, St. Catherine, St. West.

Infantry Tactics:—A platoon of the Guards under Lieut. A. B. Coulter put on a small tactical scheme at Rockcliffe on the 16th inst in connection with the competitions of the Canadian Infantry Association.

Gave Dance:—The Officers of the 1st Brigade C.F.A., entertained at a dance in their quarters on the 12th instant. The guests were received by Lieut. Col. T. A. Williams and Mrs. Williams. The hostesses were Mrs. H. A. Panet, Mrs. W. H. P. Elkins and Mrs. Austin Gillies.

Held Horse Show:—The Officer Commanding and members of N. Division Royal Canadian Mounted Police ran a successful show at Rockcliffe on the 6th inst. A large number of entries were made by officers and others from town and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent.

Caused Regret:—The announcement of the death of Major James Widgery late R.C.D., caused universal regret among the residents of Ottawa, who had had the pleasure of meeting him and seeing him at work at the various Winter Fairs and Horse Shows at the Capital. The genial Major was a welcome figure at all meets and his work was always of the highest degree. His commanding figure in the ring and his method of dealing with some of the unsportsman-like competitors always gained the approval of the audience and it is safe to say that things will not go just quite the same with Major Widgery missing.

Rejoins Regiment:—Captain Derek Murphy, Irish Guards, who has been for some months at Government House as A.D.C., has sailed for Home to rejoin his regiment.

School Closed:—The summer courses at the Canadian Small Arms School came to a close at the end of September and Lieut. Col. W. K. Walker, D.S.O., and his staff have returned to headquarters. Major W. S. Fenton, R.C.R., who was Adjutant has rejoined his unit.

After three days men grow weary of a wench, a guest, and weather rainy.

Poor Richard's Almanack.

Jim Widgery.

An Appreciation.

It was indeed a great shock for me to read in the September issue of the Goat of the passing of Maj. James Widgery. Absence from this country in August and the early part of September was responsible for me being out of touch with Canadian papers, and I knew nothing of the passing of the gen'l Jim until I saw the articles in the Goat.

It was my privilege to have known Jim Widgery for over 20 years and I can say without the shadow of a doubt that the Canadian Permanent Force never had a better warrant officer than he. The first time I met him was at Stanley Barracks in 1907, when I went up for my subaltern's course a green and trembling provisional lieutenant. The khaki was new to the service in those days, and I had never seen a Warren Officer Class 1, before. Therefore when coming around to the old R.C.D. orderly room I saw this big man with a Crown on the sleeve and nothing else, I saluted him. 'Don't salute me, sir, said the R.S.M., returning the salute. He was a father to green officers taking their course, and did as much if not more for them than some of his seniors. The R.C.D., were fortunate indeed to have a Regimental Sergeant Major of his type and he was a tower of strength to General Lessard, General Williams and General Nelles, when they were in command.

I met him often in later years, both in barracks, camp and at Horse Shows, and he was always the same. He was every inch a soldier during working hours and a good fellow when off duty. He was last in Ottawa at the winter fair in 1926 and was very popular at the Capital. On that occasion the musical ride came from Toronto and Captain James Wood, who was in charge, had the benefit of the long experience of the past-master in the game.

Regimental Sergeant Majors may come and go and others will be in charge of the ring at Horse Shows, but it is a safe bet to make that the Royal Canadian Dragoons will never have a more efficient or more popular R.S.M. than was Jim, or Horse Shows will never

have a better man in the ring than Major James Widgery.

When the Great Sergeant Major sounds the last Reveille and the past, present and future Royal Canadian Dragoons answer its call, they will find on the other side the spirit of General Lessard and his trusty R.S.M., to welcome them to the Great Parade.

LINDSAY LIGHTS

The Olympic Games are over, the marathon swims are decided or undecided; the Canadian National Exhibition is over, so are the Squadron baseball and football leagues, and we are all getting ready to rest our eyes till spring. But—just a minute, gentle reader, what is this we hear? "Hitch up the ole horse an' buggy, Joshua, we're going to Lindsay Fair." Ah,—caught you napping that time.

The Lindsay Central Exhibition was held at Lindsay (which is not surprising) and The Royal Canadian Dragoons were an added (not addled) attraction. A sixteen file ride was sent up to do their stuff, and do it they did. We arrived in Lindsay at 8 p.m. and were all safely put up for the night by 10 p.m. The fact that we stood in the Market Square for two hours in no way dampened our spirits as some of them were already wet.

While the town did not turn out en masse to welcome us (probably due to the fact that no one knew we were coming) we were an unusual spectacle to the gang of kids who loiter round any station at night,—no doubt waiting for a wreck to happen.

The first ride was put on Wednesday night, opening night, and the lions share of the performance goes Capt. Hammond, who prevented us from the humiliation of playing to an empty house. True a few show people looked over the fence, but they quickly dispersed when we "did the charge."

The following day the Amusement Committee having decided that they could not make much money without a crowd, had us parade up the main drag, from where we escorted the multitude (all five of 'em) into the show grounds. We put on a good show on Wednesday afternoon but were wet at night (the weather of course) so we put on a ride in the mud, which was quite good, al-

though the aftermath called for picks and shovels to dig ourselves out.

The two small crowds to date were not sufficient to dampen our spirits (there is a Government Store at Lindsay which attends to that) and so on Friday we again paraded the Main Street, stopping on the way to let a worthy citizen-ess take our photograph. (We have forwarded an expression of sympathy to the camera) and this time drew quite a large crowd, especially as we stopped at the War Memorial to lay a wreath, and no doubt to let the aged and infirm catch up with us.

Today is a big day. The C.P.R. brought in large crowds, probably those who, not knowing the C.P.R. left on Wednesday thinking they would arrive the same day. Automobiles, with lots of spare tires, brought in more people; horses and buggies more yet and still some walked or drove cows in.

There was a capacity crowd that day and we rode, tent pegged, and musical chaired to the intense joy of the crowd and then retired to the bar-ahem to bed.

Saturday was the same as Friday, except that the Government Store (not the Post Office) closed at 1 p.m. and lots of us got stung. A sad incident, which somewhat marring an otherwise perfect visit, was provided by a certain trooper, who rendered "Show me the Way to go Home" with such pathos that he was sent home.

After the first night, the majority of us were quartered at the Royal, the remainder sleeping in private homes. There was one, or maybe two in the Royal who needed Private Homes, but not the same kind.

A suggestion, that trumpeters sound reveille was strongly objected to by our Trumpet Major and Staff on the grounds that they would have to tour the town each morning like a postman and furthermore they would have to purchase a directory as the policeman wasn't up at that hour.

A sincere vote of thanks goes to "Joe" McConnell, our very genial host, who not only introduced us to all and sundry as 'DRY-goons' (it's evident he didn't see all the "dead soldiers" carried out) but also came down to stables and gave an exhibition of rough riding on "Peggy."

We had a real good time, were well received, and, so we are told behaved and acted always like good boys (when seen.) We were well supplied with cigarrettes and cigars and there is lots of "Lindsay Ash" lying around the barrack rooms now, although the S.M. doesn't know it.



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Reminiscences of Le Cateau.

By Major R. Nordheimer M.C.

October, 1918.

The operations leading up to the capture of the high ground overlooking Le Cateau, in October, 1918, were the last in which the Regiment took part, not taking into account the advance on the morning of Armistice Day, when no hostile opposition was encountered.

Without going into any details of a tactical nature, it may be of some interest and revive old memories, if I put down on paper my own impressions and recollections of what was considered the greatest mounted operation in which the Canadian Cavalry Brigade took part. Having a natural aptitude for forgetting names and dates (except where they appertain to feminine encounters,) I cannot give any sort of accurate account of the places captured but detail of this nature can be gleaned from the War Diary, by those sufficiently interested to read it.

As far as I can remember, the tactical idea of the operation, was to drive a wedge into the German position overlooking the Canal du Nord, pass the Cavalry through the gap thus created, and harass the flank of the German Army retreating from positions captured by the Canadian Corps further North. At first, there was a scheme on foot to push troops through in lorries supplemented by mobile machine gunners, but this was later abandoned in favour of a Cavalry action.

The Brigade was moved up from BUS (probably wrong) into bivouac east of the Canal du Nord, where we remained for a couple of days, alternately moving up by day to be in readiness to go forward if the infantry broke through, and moving back again at night to be bombed and otherwise incommoded. Our camp was on a slope overlooking a river heavily wooded on both sides, and frantic digging was indulged in, to lower the tents or bivouacs sufficiently to provide protection against splinters. In my own case, I well remember the zeal displayed by my servant, who dug a ditch so deep that only the top of my bivouac was

visible.

This was excellent protection from everything that the Hun could drop, unless he scored a direct hit, but when the heavens opened, as they did one night, I found myself flooded out. The strictest orders were issued against lights being shown after dark, and this order was the cause of an amusing incident. The tent occupied by Headquarters was illuminated one evening about dusk while the occupants were making merry on "Giggle Water," when suddenly a clod of dirt was thrown against the sides and shouts of "Put out that Light" were heard. Intensely indignant at this breach of discipline, the Adjutant 'Jimmy James' and the late Lt.-Col. Van Straubenzie, rushed from the tent, only to meet an inglorious finish, by tripping over the ropes and falling headlong into the dirt.

Finally the infantry captured the designated 'Red Line,' and the Division moved across the Canal du Nord at BELENGLISE. The Canadian Cavalry was in Reserve and got no opportunity to go into action, although while closely supporting an attack by one of the other Brigades, the Regiment was subjected to a short but unpleasant visit from Richtofen's Air Circus, which resulted in several casualties, including the 'C' Squadron Officers Mess cook, which caused great lamentation on the part of those most effected. The main objective of the air raiders, was the transport of the British Cavalry Brigades in action, which had been parked on the slope of a hill but well within view of the observation balloons. The planes with their red noses and grotesque paintings flew low and dropped hand grenades on the limbers and horses. In the confusion which resulted from this untimely visit, some horses stampeded, giving rise to the stupid report that one squadron had turned tails.

After dusk, when it became evident that there would be success gained by the attacking Brigade, the Regiment returned to Belenglise for the night. The trip was a not to be forgotten one. Densely packed along a narrow congested road, the progress of the Brigade was at a snail's pace. A bright moon, made it an ideal night for bombing, and why the Hun planes which seemed to be in abundance

on both sides of us, missed the wonderful target we offered, will ever remain a mystery to me. Guns, Infantry, engineers, tanks, trucks and transport wagons, all packed on a narrow road with no escape or cover, was a target not found every day.

Arrived at our destination Belenglise, or what remained of it after the four years fighting, we found some sort of ground fit to lay down our horse lines and commenced a search for watering facilities. The only available supply, was from the Canal itself and it had to be carried by bucket for nearly half a mile. Saddles were left on and the men made themselves as comfortable as they could in the muddy craters along the high banks of the Canal. The 'A' Squadron Officers Mess was an old shell-torn house, which however had the advantage of a deep cellar (empty) and an open fire place, where we soon had a roaring fire going. As an early move was expected, there was very little sleep for anyone, but the night passed passably comfortable, through the fact that at least we were warm.

At 3.30 a.m. the order came to saddle up and move forward again and by 4.30 a.m. we were on the road again. The Canadian Cavalry Brigade had been given the task of breaking through the German Line and with Fort Garry Horse in advance, the thrust was successfully and rapidly carried out. The amazing speed at which the Brigade moved, so disconcerted the German gunners, that few casualties were inflicted on the advancing troops, although many times, the rear of the Brigade had just left a halting place when a storm of shells would descend on the spot just vacated. All the terrain over which we removed had been untouched by Allied troops since 1914 and the welcome the few old inhabitants gave us as we passed through their villages was unforgettable. Old men and women stood in the road and held out crusts of bread to the troops, all they had to offer, but the tears streaming down their wrinkled faces, betokened the joy they felt.

The Fort Garry Horse under Lt.-Col. Stevenson, covered themselves with glory and captured many machine guns during their rapid advance. The Stratheona Horse,

acting as Left Flank Guard to the Brigade, to prevent any pressure being exerted from the retiring Germans on our left, and to harass as much as possible the latter's retirement, also captured many prisoners and villages. About 4.30 p.m., 'C' Squadron, R.C.D. under Major Newcomen, was ordered forward to assist in the capture of a village on our right flank, and while this operation was taking place, 'A' Squadron assumed the role of Advance Guard Squadron to the Regiment. Having the honour to command 'A' Squadron at that time I rode forward with the Commanding Officer, the late Lt. Col. C. T. VanStraubenzie, and shortly after my arrival, an order was received from Brigade Headquarters to push on and seize the high ground overlooking Le Cateau. While the C.O. and Adjutant, were reading this message, a shell landed between the horses as we rode, but did not explode. This was probably the luckiest escape I had during the whole war, and this same luck followed me throughout the subsequent events.

We had reached a small hillock,

and a valley ran North and South, on the other side; receiving orders from the C.O. to push on immediately, I galloped back to the Squadron and forming "Line of Troop Column" we moved rapidly forwards. Coming over the crest of the hill, we were met by hostile machine gun fire, and the troop nearest the gun, dismounted its hotchkiss rifle and engaged it. Meanwhile fire coming from our right flank, the squadron formed Line and galloped across the intervening ground. I was riding my freak jumper at the time, and his habitual habit of "star gazing," cost him his life but probably saved mine. We had hardly gone more than a few lengths, when he crumpled

up and fell with a bullet through his brain. Had he carried his head in the correct manner, it is probable that the bullet would have struck me instead.

Quickly mounting on "The Rabbit" my second charger, I got a little further forward, only to have him severely wounded in the flanks by machine gun fire. Dismounting in a hollow, where we found a troop of Stratheona Horse, I ordered the Squadron under Lt. LaRose to push on to the next bound, and looked around for a mount. Sgt Brown of the 3rd Troop offered me his and went back to where my saddle was and brought it, together with my other belongings, to me. Considering the fact that my sandwich case with flask was on the saddle this act of heroism was deeply appreciated and when this N. C.O. again distinguished himself by a daring piece of reconnaissance later on, I was proud to see him procure the Military Medal.

Before I had time to rejoin the Squadron, 'B' Squadron under Maj. Moss, galloped up and passing through us, pushed on to the objective. This could be easily distin-

guished by a bright fire from a burning barn, and meeting no further opposition, we pushed on and linked up with the right flank of 'B' Squadron. A short time later, 'C' Squadron came in on our right, and I learned that the Colonel had been mortally wounded, and the Adjutant 'Jimmy' James badly wounded, by a shell which lit, just after I had left.

Orders were issued to 'dig in,' and send the horses back under cover of the valley, and for once, the much abused troop 'Tool Packs' were much in demand. It was too dark to see much of the terrain but patrols pushed into Le Cateau, reported it deserted. We were by this time, several miles ahead of the Infantry, and in a salient which in daylight, would have been anything but pleasant. Realizing what we would be in for when morning came, we set to with a great deal of vigour, all except Len Case, who couldn't see the advantage of digging oneself into the ground, when it was so pleasant up above.

We had been digging for some time, when a figure loomed up and a voice was heard calling for 'A'

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Squadron. It turned out to be our faithful Messman, who had brought up the pack horse and quite oblivious to the surroundings, proceeded to lay out a white table cloth, and set the impromptu table. To add to our joy, we found a bottle of Scotch, which had escaped the eagle eye of the reciter of "The Laird fell Doon," and we celebrated the occasion in real style. 'Nipper' Myles, who came over from 'C' Squadron to see what all the merriment was about, blissfully sat on the hastily concealed bottle for fully five minutes, before he took his departure, wondering at our apparent discourtesy.

At day-break, a hostile plane nosed about and was received by a volley of bullets. This rude and unexpected reception, so annoyed the occupants, that they flew back and soon we were receiving a thorough example of the effective German Artillery Fire. In our little trenches, we were none too happy, but poor 'Lenny' who had dug hardly at all, had to double up with La Rose, who was not any too small for his own little 'Funk Hole.' Finally a Squadron of the 7th Dragoon Guards rode up and commenced to ride into our little depression. Naturally Fritz followed them with his Artillery fire and this so enraged LaRose, that he spoke in such terms of endearment to the Squadron Leader, as to cause the latter to cover his face with his map, and move away rapidly. Seizing our opportunity, we moved slowly back till we reached our horses and then retired to Reserve, hungry, thirsty and tired, but with the feeling we had done what we set out to do.

I remember Mill Jarvis, who had charge of the Brigade Wireless Station, which was of a portable variety as popular as a rattle snake. Wherever he set up his station and started to send messages, a deluge of shells was sure to be only a matter of minutes. Hence his pleasing personality was sought after by the troops to which he and his merry horde attached themselves. Johnston, one of 'A' Squadron subalterns, found a beautiful German Lance and a pennant, but hiding it in a doorway proved fatal, as we never saw it again. Looking back at the time now, it all seems like dream, but at the time we certainly had our rude awaken-

"You Know What I Mean?"

The R.C.H.A. have written to the editor saying how proud they are of their old comrade, "The Count". Many of our readers who are not personally acquainted with him know of him through our clever rhymster, Tpr. Allingham, who made him famous in his ballad 'Bad Biznezz.' They are both up and coming boys and we are proud of them.

A local wag says the falling-off recently in the attendance at the football games is not so much because we are battling for a place in the cellar as the danger of getting one's head knocked off by excited female spectators.

Jock Henderson recently received one of T. Eaton's catalogues which contains many items of interest.

The guard-room which has been recently closed for repairs is now open and anyone coming well recommended will be admitted for periods of one to twenty-eight days, says Provost Desnoyers.

Everybody is talking about the tough luck Tommy Sheehy had in being shunted off to Stanley Barracks. Our Asst.-Editor accompanied by one of the leading bankers of Toronto, spent fifteen minutes at the Barracks during his recent leave of absence and nearly froze to death.

Quite a lot of interest was tak-

en in the recent fistic encounter which followed the game with Singers. We are unable to give the details owing to the writer having been called to town.

Plans are already on foot to celebrate Armistice day in barracks. Friend "Heavy" refuses to participate on the grounds that the war would have been won sooner or later anyway.

Now that duck shooting is in season the Men's Mess are anticipating another feast through the kindness of Cpl. Desnoyers.

Tpr. Hebert is spending his annual holiday with Cpl. Desnoyers.

While S.M. Attfield undoubtedly deserves great credit for the manner in which the improvements are being carried out we must not forget it was owing to the persistent campaign carried out these columns that brought the condition of the barracks building to the attention of the BIG-WIGS in Ottawa. "Give credit where credit is due," is our motto.

Want Ads.

Business Opportunity

I am willing to dispose of part interest in the annual deficit of THE GOAT. Splendid opportunity for wealthy man who wishes to die poor. Address THE GOAT, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que.

It is rumoured that a modern



Some of the picnickers at the Old Comrades' Picnic, 14th July 1928, including Mrs. Melville, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Sutherland, S.Q.M.S. Jackie Hilton, Jock Sutherland, and George Morris.

hot air plant will be installed in the new artificers' building. George Henderson will supply the fuel.

If you haven't seen your name in this column yet, don't forget the writer next time you see him in the canteen.

HOT STUFF: We recommend a "Ginger" Nog these nippy mornings. A nip will surprise you:
 1/2 cup hot water
 2 spoonful sugar
 1/2 cup rghumorbrandsoetgh.

The dirty crooks that made off with the writer's bottle of gin are known and unless they return it he will hand in their names to the S.M.

Cpl. "Mickey" Gilmore, phat expert, journeyed all the way to Montreal, Sunday, October 14th, (fare 1.95 return) to see Babe Ruth knock a homer. Although he was disappointed he spoke quite highly of Babe's ability with the bat. When The Babe reads this he will no doubt be surprised to hear his reputation has penetrated this far north.

Major Timmis, our genial Squadron Commander, is off for Toronto where he will join the Canadian Team before leaving for Noo Yawk, where he hopes to lift a few more cups. Major Timmis has the best collection of cups and badges in the barracks.

Trooper Allingham, popular rhymster, horseman, etc., wishes to sell his uke, it having served the purpose claimed by the advertiser from whom he purchased it, i.e., make him popular with the wimmen.

Tpr. Desfosses was seen by one of the boys the other day carrying a walking stick and was asked when he got hurt. It's surprising how little some people know.

The U.S.A. have Hoover and Smith. We have Henderson and White.

Quite a number of the boys here have started paying for the books they bought on the installment plan. It's a long, long trail....

Lieut. C. C. Mann now heads the advertising committee in To-

ronto. We expect great things from the Major in the way of increased advertising and subscriptions. Our best wishes, General.

The dance committee deserves great credit for the energetic and efficient manner in which it arranged the recent opening dance. Many old friends from St. Johns were present and we were pleased to see Major F. Sawers, accompanied by Messrs. Chadwick and Hunter, make their appearance. They were immaculately dressed in 'blue' and seemed to be at ease, despite the fact they were the cynicure of all eyes.

S.M. 'Charlie' Smith (no relation to the democratic candidate) is to be congratulated on the splendid control shown in the recent game with Singers. He's an up and coming boy with a promising future.

Every member of the R.C.D's. should be able to qualify for the instructional cadre. Troopers desirous of promotion are advised to brush up on their sarcasm.

Tpr. "Spike" Wellard promises us some novel features in the coffee-bar when it reopens. For instance, he will use a brush to spread on the ham.

Members of the Sergeants' Mess who while away the days tossing pennies will have to invent some other form of diversion, Major Timmis having put his foot down on all forms of gambling.

Friday, October 19th: Tpr. Halperin bought two boxes of matches in the canteen this morning. "The Count" must be feeling pretty ornery.

The foreman of works put a new shelf in THE GOAT office last week. No, his subscription has not expired yet.

Have you subscribed to THE GOAT or are you just getting a lend of it from your next door neighbour? If the former don't forget to renew when you receive an expiration slip,—if the latter, please remember the animal requires nourishment. Come across!

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MONTREAL

Tpr. Cailyer was seen drinking in the canteen one night last week.

Beer is still five cents a glass in the canteen.

Watch this column for the opening date of the Coffee Bar.

Never mind, Count, even Napoleon was known to have made mistakes.

The throwing of match-sticks on the floor is not only a careless and untidy habit but also a dangerous one for the unwary. Tpr. Roy almost broke his neck the other night when he tripped over one in the dark.

She was married in St. Johns, to Walter John Jarrett, and to this union was born three children.

With a single kiss no woman is caught.

Useful Leverage.—"I just heard on awful story about your husband."
 "Tell me. I need a new dress."
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Soldiering.

(Continued)

By F. W. Powell.

Back to the Somme

In the midst of our intensive training comes the news that activities have re-commenced on the Somme. We're going there on the fly. On the 6th of September we move off at the double and make a fast journey to Hangest that place of bitter memory, where we remain until night. Pull out at midnight. Ride hard and fast. Pass through Amiens early in the morning and on to Querrier where we billet in a field.

Now are we ourselves again. Strange how this fed-upness goes into the discard when we find ourselves en route to the war. Excitement breaks out again in the self same manner and optimism brightens very considerably our young lives. Reports, however, are confusing. Some say we are advancing. Others speak of a straightening of the line; our curious way of describing a retirement. There is a deal of organization in the Brigade. My Squadron, 'B' is detailed as 'Demolition Squadron.' All we'll have to do is blow up bridges, rail-roads and such like. Very nice and cushy-sounding. Actually very far from pleasant for myself. You see, they place in my keeping a large wad of gun-cotton, sufficient to blow up a bridge. This must be carried in the pocket of my tunic. That I retained my reason during the days this was in my keeping is matter for self congratulation in my old age. My imagination gave me no rest. Always was there before me a vision of being struck by something that discharged the gun-cotton. After that a small sand-bag would more than accommodate all that remained of this bright trooper. As bad as was my position it was less harrowing than the chap carting about with him a few score detonators. He had all the sympathy not required by myself. Just the same I could never be prevailed upon to ride with him as my half section. I gave him a wide berth. We practised a bit with gun-cotton and I liked my particular wad less than ever. Make a dickens of a mess of a chap,

wouldn't it?

After hanging about here for a few days proceeded farther into the mess. Pass through Daours and halt in a field east of Alberta. It is evening and we are told to be ready to move off early the following morning. Bombs are prepared, ammunition is issued and we are thrilled at the prospect of a personal encounter with the enemy in the morning. Because of this, we find the stars much brighter than usual, and, as I walk about with Holditch and Mynott in this strange country, life seems wonderfully sweet this evening. Neither has much to say. We are friends of long standing. To-morrow may mean a separation. Yes, life is sweet. The stars are bright and amidst all the activity of a concentration point the three of us walk and can find nothing to say to each other. One thing that stands out in my memory is the large number of fires all over the country. These must have been visible for miles and I wonder why they are not concealed. Getting back to where the squadron is billeted we fall in with Martin who has heard something of a new weapon that will be used on the morrow. This news does not surprise as much as the order that reveille will be at 2.30 a.m. Ghastly hour. There is very little sleep that night. We move away at 4 a.m. Ride fast without halting until reaching a hill between Mametz and Fricourt.

"Dismount" Stand-to"

That's all just yet.

Rumours are flying about the camp. What is this new weapon that is going to give Fritz the surprise of his life? They are called "Land-crabs" or "Tanks." Nobody knows just what they are but we'll see them in action as the day progresses. They are said to be huge machines that nothing can stop. Will sail right through a house as though it were not there and as for M.G. bullets? why! haven't the slightest effect on 'em.

This is great news for it is M.G. fire that broke the back of the advance in July.

The morning drags on. There we

stand in the midst of the greatest activity' doing nothing. Heaps to interest and hold the attention. Bags of prisoners and all that confusion of movement that is never absent during the progress of a big "show." Disobeying orders, a few of us wander off in the hope of seeing something out of the ordinary. We discover a tank. It is a casualty. Lying on its side in a trench and burning. It is big and clumsy looking and does not strike us as being particularly awe-inspiring. To see this great chunk of metal "hors-de-combat" seems ridiculous. Later on in the day we saw several more wounded tanks. Cannot understand their being in this condition.

Of course, they were nothing like the tanks of to-day. They moved along at about 4 or 5 miles per hour. Frightfully heavy and clumsy, but for all that were most effective. We learned afterwards that they most certainly did put the wind up Jerry. As Clumsy as they were they made it, possible for the Infantry to take places such as Villers Bretonneux (if this is improperly spelled I apologize for my ignorance,) places considered quite impregnable because of the large number of machine guns there concentrated. Undoubtedly this new weapon was a most formidable one and the troops were heartened by the sight of their slow, clumsy but very positive progress right into the hottest spots on this lurid Somme front. That so many should have fallen casualties right at the start was most unfortunate. Those falling into the hands of the enemy served for patterns and Fritz was not slow in copying this new weapon that could stand so much knocking about before giving up the ghost. I have made no attempts to describe these tanks for the simple reason that the general reader in all probability knows more about them than does the writer.

The day wears on and still we stand and wait. Bad sign, this. Very. Will it be the same old monotonous story again? Looks very much like it. Sure of it when we move back and make a camp of sorts. Stable piquets are detailed for the night. "Stand-to" is off. Damn and blast it all. Are we ever going to do anything save tour this blinking country?

Wandered off with Holditch and

Mynott in search of a canteen. How different from last evening! Located one the other side of Fricourt. Some New Zealand outfit who were kinder than we would be under the circumstances. We were served as freely as the men of their own regiment. Which causes me to make the observation that in the matter of canteens we, The R.C.D.'s were most selfish. No matter how difficult was the question of transportation we would expect the canteens of other regiments to serve us. We ourselves, were never as broad-minded and vigourously opposed the custom of all other units. Of course I know how difficult it was at times to transport supplies into the forward areas, but did we take this into consideration when demanding service at the canteens of other units?

Up here at Fricourt the sight of gunners serving their guns stripped to the waist struck me as being most curious. Matter of fact this was the most reasonable way of working in hot weather, but, never seeing it before, it rather impressed me.

We "Stood to" all next day but remained in camp. Horses saddled of course ready to move off at a moment's notice. A few shells came amongst us but failed to do damage. Rumours are that we are about to move back again. Ha-ha.

(To be continued)

Embarrassed Bunny.—Clergyman—"I pronounce you man and wife—the ring, please."

Conjurer (reaching in his pocket and pulling out a rabbit)—

"Gosh! the wrong act."—Everybody's Weekly, (London.)

Grammatical Pants.—Schoolmaster "Now I want you to tell me which of those words are singular and which are plural. Tomkins, you take the first 'trousers.'"

Tomkins (after deliberation)—"Singular at the top and plural lower down, Sir."—Punch.

Her parish priest met a peasant woman and said: "So you have married again, Mary? There was Tom Whelan and Mick Murphy, rest their souls, and now there's Tim Maloney." "Oh, yer riverence," said she, "it wasn't for the fun or the divershun of it I married the third time, but I thought it would soften me poor ould cough which I'm kilt wid ivery winther."—Michael MacDonagh.

"Good heaven! Why, even the little children in France speak French!"—Addison.



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Letters to the Editor.

Dear Sir:

I was most interested today in reading THE GOAT column "Personal and Regimental" that you had a visit from Canon H. R. Bigg. I met him at Fort Osborne Barracks during a a Regimental Sing-Sing in 1894. I believe and thought him a fine young fellow of twenty. He sung Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads,—"Fuzzy-Wuzzy" and "Tommy Atkins." I was well known at Fort Osborne those days (when Col. Evans was Captain and Adjutant.) I having taken a six months' Cavalry Course in 1891. I should be greatly pleased if you will kindly let him know this. Ask him if he remembers 'Boxer' and Teddy Wolcombe and Joe Main the cook; also R. S.M. Page (late 10th Hussars) and T. Duffy, etc., (19th Hussars.) Also Capt. Graham and T. S. M. Graham; Skinner, ('blondy,' etc.

Yours truly,

307 T. D. MASEY

Dear Editor,

Please excuse my scribbling a few lines to our famous magazine again, but I read with great interest Mr. F. J. Dee's letter of June 27th, published in July's issue and fully enjoyed that gentleman's grand report (and criticisms) of the Military Tournament at this year's Olympia.

I hope Mr. Dee will excuse me if I correct him in one of his statements but being an old 'Scots Grey' I can't help from doing so. Mr. Dee says that the famous zig-zag on the staff caps of the 'Greys' is now yellow, instead of white, and does not look so well. Pardon me, sir but the famous zig-zag is still white on the caps of all ranks of the 'Greys,' except on the caps of the Bandsmen, Trumpeters, and A/Bandsmen which were always yellow. I guess it was the yellow zig-zag on caps of the band that Mr. Dee saw at the tournament. The Band Caps always had the yellow zig-zag even in the good old days when we wore the pill box. The remainder of all ranks had the white zig-zag, unless in one other exception namely: when the pill box was worn. The zig-zag on the W.O's, S/Sgt's, and Sergeants was made of gold yellow braid, but now all

ranks (with the exception of the band) have the white zig-zag on their staff caps.

Again apologizing to Mr. Dee, but as the Regimental Scots Greys was the regiment of my first love I just thought it my duty to uphold them. Don't think, please I am forgetting the R.C.D's. because I can assure you I was proud and am proud to have soldiered in the R.C.D's as a finer bunch of boys in the old brigade could never have been met. I loved the Royal Canadian Dragoons just as much as I did the Royal Scots Greys and perhaps that is a hard thing for a Scotsman to say.

Kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

Ex-Sergt. 717 J. McCUTCHEON.

S. M. Ackerman has received the following letter from an Old Comrade.

52 Poplar Ave

Buffalo, N.Y.

September 21, 1928

While gleaning thru the pages of yesterday morning's Courier-Express, one of our local papers, my attention was attracted by a Captain, 'A Cavalryman,' above some lines by Jones S. Wells, and which appeared as a re-print by request. So interesting are those lines, that the horse-first-spirit expression in them recalls a similar characteristic among the members, officers and men alike, of the dear old R.C.D. I am taking the liberty, therefore, of sending you a copy herewith.

May I mention, Mr. Ackerman, that I hold a discharge from the Dragoons, dated October 1899, having served five years with the old regiment.

With sincerest wishes, I am,
very truly

J. F. CAVANAUGH

Mr. T. D. Masey of 67 Maitland Street, Toronto, has some exceptionally good water colours sketches of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, mounted in review order. These are 8" x 12" and are suitable for framing. Cost of same are \$2.50 each.

Any reader wishing one of these sketches may procure one by communicating direct with Mr. Masey, enclosing cost of same.

M. Masey is an ex-R.C.D.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

(Toronto)

Why do these future generals insist on holding their Mothers' Meetings during meal hour?

We are asked to inform Tpr. Sharpe that even if his Lindsay Light can't speak English she can at least give the "Top Sergeant" a few tips.

A would-be recruit tried to get taken on at Lindsay and was told he was too short. He took a look at our Trumpet Major and walked off muttering something about twelve inches to the foot, not six.

Asked why they sang the National anthem in Scotland so much, a member of the Cobourg Kiltie Band answered,—"The Scotch save everything else,—"God save the King."

What is the big attraction at Lindsay? Two of our musical ride went there on furlough.

It is said that Tpr. is going to open a large fruit store in Lindsay. We think it all depends on what she has to say about it.

Why was a certain N.C.O. all smiles when he was detailed for the ride at Lindsay and where was he the last day we spent there?

Who were the N.C.O's. that did not have breakfast during our visit to Lindsay, and why?

Who is the bright trooper in 3rd Troop who uses Cutex Finger Nail Polish on chin straps.

L/Cpls. Munro and Searle are back from Kingston. As neither of them arrived back tied up in knots, we believe that they succeeded in their course.

Sgt. Simpkins and 'Tiny' Campbell (apologies for omitting the rank, Bill) are back from the Small Arms School. With reference to the latter, the Pest? was heard to remark that his days of rest were over.

Och aye.—I canna find the sugar, it's in the flower pot.

Who is the Top Sergeant?

A certain document owned by Tpr. Banks saw good service. We hope his girl will not see it.

Why was there no saddle class for Irish hunters?

Two of our bright? N.C.O's. got tangled up in an ice cream parlor and came out—side.

The "Count and "Ike" to shoot did go With fingers clenched and eyes aglow, For each of them two bucks had bet, That he would best the other yet.

They both strained hard with muscles sore,
To try and beat the other's score,
And bullets high and wide did fly,
Till lumps of dirt shut out the sky.

When all was o'er the "Count" was glad,
He'd made one more than poor "Ike" had,
And visions of two bucks he drank;
He'd swell his balance in the bank.

But "Ike" was not to be outdone,
He told the "Count" he had not won,
"I'm sorry," said he "your dreams to wreck,
But there are Hotchkiss guns to fire yet.

Later, when the shoot was o'er,
They both did rush to read the score,
And on "Ike's" face there dawned a smile,
He'd beat the "Count's" score by a mile.

It was then, I'm told, the "Count" got mad,
And said that no such score "Ike" had,
That while the guns were fiercely barking,
"Ike" had agents doing his marking.

Up to now the "Count" has paid,
Just a half, the rest's delayed,
And for that, I'm game to bet,
That "Ike" will have to wait some yet.
ANONYMOUS

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62 Richelieu St., ST. JOHNS

Experiences of a Russian Cavalry Officer.

By Capt. Boris Tchitcherin, Russian Imperial Guard.

A warm summer day of the year 1915. Lying on a patch of grass, rather dusty and trampled by many feet, I could observe the shimmering sea through a double row of barbed wire fencing ten feet high. About a mile out from shore a fishing smack seemed arrested in its course, so slow was its movement in a breeze that barely filled the sails. Just outside the fence a German sentinel was lazily marching up and down his sixty yard beat his rifle slung behind his back, not looking at all martial, notwithstanding his 'field-grey' uniform, peaked helmet and equipment. Obviously a 'landsturm' or second-class reservist, long passed the prime of life. An employee from the local brewery, I mused in an aimless sort of way noting the proportions of his waistline and florid complexion. 'Oh, damn!' I could not help saying aloud, at nothing in particular, but more from a vague feeling or uneasiness, due probably to the fact that that I had not yet adapted myself to the new and unusual conditions in which I found myself. There I was on a bright summer day with no duties to perform and practically master of my time, nothing to do but enjoy the "dolce far niente" so dear to the southerner. Alas! this "sweet do nothing" did not taste sweet at all. Time! We had it all at our disposal but not the freedom to make use of it.

Groups of Russians, British and French officers were scattered around, the latter, those captured in 1914, vividly conspicuous with their red breeches on the general drab background of British khaki and Russian olive grey uniforms. Some were wandering listlessly from place to place, others like myself were recumbent in various positions, watching the sea, now only an irritating symbol of freedom and space denied to all of us. For we were all brought together and coralled, in the literal sense of the word, by a series of events called the chances of war, on this little island of Denholm, just off the German coast in the Baltic. Once

upon a time a Swedish fortress, it was now an 'Offizierkriegs-gefangenenlager' to use the official German term, or putting it into readable print—an officers' camp for prisoners of war.

Men of both hemispheres and all climes, who had marched into battle, some on the western, others on the eastern German front, were now shouldering each other; French infantry-men and Siberian fusiliers, Highlanders in kilts and Cossacks in baggy trousers, Zouaves from Algeria and Indian cavalrymen. There were men that had seen service on the Afghan frontier, in South Africa, on the battlefields of Manchuria.

Three khaki figures stopped in front of me, one a British gunner, Gore-Browne. I remembered his name, having met him casually in the canteen and chatted with him over a glass of indifferent beer. The other two I just recollected having seen somewhere around. A little black devil for badge on the cap of the tallest man, with a dark complexion, attracted my attention. "The 8th battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force," he informed me, adding "Andrews is my name, I come from Winnipeg." I recollected vaguely that Winnipeg was somewhere in Canada. The name was only a sound to me in those days. Little did I think that it would become my place of residence for a number of years. Gladstone was the name of the third officer. "Any connection of the great man," I enquired. "Yes, a grandson," was the reply. He and Gore-Browne were planning to take up the study of the Russian language. Would I not oblige them by assisting them in their work. Gladly I consented; anything to kill time. Andrews, or Chimp, as he was nicknamed by his friends, was struggling with French and that was sufficient to tax any man's brain, he asserted. Russian was beyond him, he added politely, but I guessed much more forceful expletives behind the mere show of words. I heard them later when we got to be on more in-

imate terms.

The four of us were quartered in different rooms of the same No. 4 barrack. Apart from the lesson hours, almost daily after evening 'appelle' or roll-call, we foregathered and exchanged views, information of various kinds and 'chewed the rag.' Causes for friction were numerous in the crowded little world of ours, amongst men of different races, different habits and ideas of life. Antipathies were aggravated by the impossibility to get away from each other, but those who struck friendship had it cemented by no mean trial. It is not so much in moments of danger, facing death, when men are making a supreme and perhaps exceptional effort of the will, that comes the acid test of friendship, but during the drawn out minor discomforts and petty annoyances of camp life and active service in the field.

The friendships acquired during the dreary years of life in German prison camps and quite a large fund of knowledge, acquired by word of mouth from men that came from all parts of the world, were the only compensations we had from life. I heard about Canada from Andrews; of the country, of its people and the way large numbers of immigrants yearly settled in its vast unoccupied spaces, making new homes for themselves and helping to build up the dominion.

The monotony of three tedious years in Germany was only broken by four months of specifically unpleasant experiences in a reprisal prison and a transfer to the Gutersloh camp in western Germany. Conditions in the latter were much the same as in Denholm. New faces were around me. I lost touch with my former companions, and soon I forgot about the very existence of Canada in the whirl of events that followed. It seemed as if fate had decided to compensate me for the three wasted years in prison and was crowding my life with a breathless succession of adventures. The autumn of 1917 saw the overthrow of the Russian Imperial Government and the communists, that had taken its place, signed peace with Germany at Brest-Litovsk in the early spring of the following year. The Russian prisoners of war were gradually being repatriated. Contrary to the agreement between the Soviets and Germany, we were not allowed to go to

to neutral countries. The choice was either to remain in the prison camps until the end of the war, not yet in sight in our state of knowledge, or else to be let out into Soviet Russia, where the communists in power nearly a year already, were beginning their bloody work of suppressing all the elements of possible opposition to their regime of unnatural law. With many others, I chose the latter alternative without a moment's hesitation. At that time I was becoming less and less capable of resisting the depressing and morbid effects of the environment I could not escape. The number of human wrecks around me was steadily increasing. My daily companions were, to a large extent, men with health undermined by wounds, by unwholesome and insufficient food, and disgruntled mentally and morally by complete absence of news from home, where the revolution had upset everything, and by a total lack of occupation enforced at the point of the bayonet. It was not everyone that could, with the help of books, retire into the world of ideas and find in it temporary oblivion from reality, and even those who could were ever brought back to face the facts of their surroundings. For there was no privacy in the crowded barracks or in the very restricted space around them.

So one day in July, 1918, with a few score of my fellow prisoners, I bid farewell to those remaining for yet a while behind, and marched with a light heart to the local station to get entrained.

The journey through Germany was uneventful save for the fact that in the Berlin yards the box car holding our baggage was switched off deliberately, as a sergeant of our armed guard confessed to me a couple of days later. We never saw the car or our baggage again. The very restricted amount of belongings, we had accumulated during our confinement in Germany, was not in the least precious. War had taught us all to do without even the apparently indispensable, but I cursed my luck for the loss of a suit of mufti, made for me by one of our men in camp, a tailor in civil life, out of a material smuggled in by a 'landsturm' soldier, for whom a large can of orange marmalade, that had become a priceless luxury in the starving country, proved to be an irresistibly tempt-



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ing consideration. Parcels with provisions still occasionally reached us from neutral countries in 1918, though indirect communications with Russia had been completely severed by the revolutionary upheaval. That suit of mufti would have meant comparative safety eastward of the German line of occupation, where officers of the old Imperial Russian forces were held under suspicion as enemies of the proletariat. Numbers of them had already been executed. It was an unusual and bitter sensation to know that we were safe on territory held by the enemy and courting death by crossing over to our native land.

A week's journey brought us at last to the demarcation line that separated the Russian territory, still held by the Germans, notwithstanding their peace treaty with the Soviet Government, from the communistic paradise. Our armed guard escorted us to a wire fence separating the two, and on the other side of the gate we were met by the personnel of the train that was to take us further; a couple of doctors and several nurses in the uniforms of the Red Cross. We officers had been careful to destroy all the insignia of our ranks and to mingle with the crowd of men. We soon discovered, however, that as yet there was nothing for us to fear. The railway trains and staff of the old Red Cross organization, in charge of the wounded that had been coming in from the front during the war, were now being used to repatriate the prisoners from Germany and Austria. The doctors and nurses on our train were not communists and they talked about the new conditions in Russia with very little reserve. The dreaded 'Cheka' or revolutionary tribunal, had only just been instituted. Its organization was not yet completed and much escaped its notice. The worst horrors of the Red Terror were yet to come. People still expressed their opinions about communism without taking much care, not realizing fully the dangerous nature of the ground they were treading. So we heard much about what was going on in the country during our ten days' journey to Moscow, which normally took fifteen hours on a passenger train.

Observations on the way con-

firmed the general impression we gathered from conversations, that Russia was gradually sinking into chaos. The old machinery of government and economic life had been abolished almost overnight but very little had been done to take its place. To conform with communist theory, in the workshops and factories that were still operating, on the railways, the management of affairs had been handed over to Soviets, that is councils of workmen. The old executives were kept on only in an advisory capacity, and even at that their expert advice was often disregarded, as being tainted with 'bourgeois prejudice.' The lack of experience and large membership of the Soviets had for result that their duties in an enterprise were everyone's and no one's business. At Smoleusk an important railway junction we stayed three days before we were able to get an engine to continue our journey. Passenger coaches were in a shocking state of disrepair and already box cars were being used in their stead.

Food was very hard to get. The commercial life of the country had come practically to a standstill. All the wholesale firms and private retail stores had been closed, in accordance with the socialistic principle that commerce and industry were state concerns, but nothing as yet had been created to take the place of the old distributing apparatus which, whatever may be said against the capitalistic regime, did produce goods and bring them within the reach of everyone. At most of the railway stations peasant women, in violation of the communistic law, offered provision for sale. Local authorities winked at these "irregularities" which prevented themselves from starving. From the very start life was mocking the efforts of those who presumed to reform the world by proclaiming the dictatorship of the proletariat.

A short distance from Moscow, at a summer resort favoured by a middle class public, one of my companions, Serge Soklov by name who I had chummed up with in captivity, introduced me to his brother Constantine. The latter had come out specially to meet us. Acting on his advice, we left the Red Cross train and proceeded to Moscow a few hours later on a subur-

Scene of That Struggle For Channel Ports

(By Raymond Bridgeway)

Part III

The New Bailleul

At Bailleul are commemorated achievements no less remarkable, for here is a memorial to the 25th Division. I well remember seeing this Division, under General Bainbridge, march out of the Somme area, where, in terrible fighting, it had been reduced to a ghost of its former self. Battalions were reduced to the size of companies, and companies were so small that their identity was lost. The men thought they were going rearward for a long rest but in a few days they were standing between the enemy and the Channel ports.

Bailleul contains one of the most notable war memorials in France. It is Bailleul's commemoration of its own suffering. The memorial stands on the site of the old Town Hall, and has been constructed from the bricks and stones that remained of that building after the tide of battle had receded. It takes the form of an arch, and though, to some extent, it is a ruin that has been built as ruin, there is no artificiality in its appearance. The names cut in the ruined stone work of the Town Hall by soldiers who lived in Bailleul when it was shattered by the German drive, are still to be seen in the components of this memorial, while here and there, moss and ivy are spreading their kindly disguise over the old bricks and rubble.

For the rest you may note in Bailleul, a new Canon D'Or, and the site of the old Officers' Club near by. In the Rue de Lille are handsome new schools, replacing those in which troops out of the line for a brief rest, prior to April, 1918, were entertained by concert parties.

Outside the town, to the north-east the eye lights upon the bare hill of Ravelsburg where after the loss of Neuve Eglise, the remnants of the gallant 100th Bde., with its King's Royal Rifles, Worcestershire men and Glasgow Highlanders, assembled to take stock of what was left of them. In the fighting about Neuve Eglise this brigade

lost no fewer than 1,500 men.

The village of Neuve Eglise has, of course, been reconstructed and affords little of interest to the returning soldier until he comes to Kadahar Farm Cemetery, where a picture composed of the lawns and flowers, and white headstones, is one of the few touches of beauty in this neighbourhood.

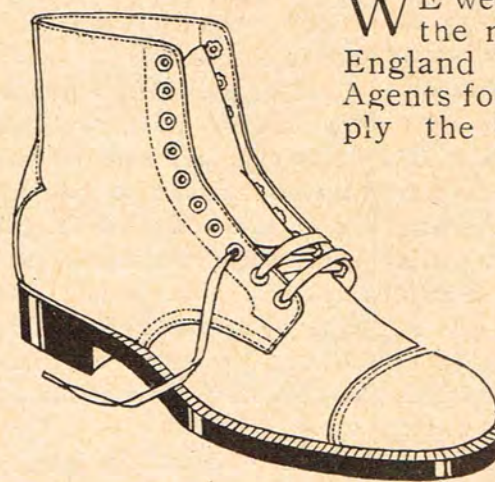
Eastward lies our old line. From Armentieres to Ypres our line, before the attack, ran through country which had been held at no small cost. About the notorious "Plug Street," for example, the line was maintained and improved only by a daily and nightly toll of casualties, extending over three years. Northward, about Messines, we had considerably improved our position in the skilfully-planned assault of of the previous summer and a prize so well-deserved was not to be lightly relinquished.

Around "Plug Street."

The area about Ploegstreet is dotted with cemeteries whose names give clues to many interesting points that existed hereabouts, and to many thrilling episodes. Here, more than anywhere else, is the quaint nomenclature of the war perpetuated. You will find cemeteries named after "Motor car Corner," "Lancashire Cottage," "Hyde Park Corner," "Gunners Farm," "Rifle House," and "Ration Farm," to name but a few.

Northward, between Messines and Wytschaete are to be seen the famous craters blown by our gigantic mines in the earlier battle, and which have now become lakes of considerable dimensions, with grass and new shrubs growing on their shores. They, however, relate to the battle of the previous summer. The events of April, 1918, are to be noted in such places as the cemetery on Messines Ridge, close to the estaminet Moulin de Messines. Here are buried many of those soldiers of the 9th Division who survived their terrible experience on the Somme only to fall in fighting no less severe in an effort to retain Messines Ridge. In this cemetery are many graves of men of the South African Scottish, for hereabouts the South African contingent, reduced to less than 2,000 bayonets, did their duty to the last man.

In the cemeteries, too, you may read how the 19th Division with its



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Yorkshires, Gloucesters, Worcesters and Welsh Fusiliers, all drastically reduced in the fighting farther south, clung to positions until something very like annihilation made retirement inevitable.

If you know the story of this battle you may find clues to the account of how the Transvaal Scots, of the South African contingent, having lost ground in an attack, counter-attacked, despite numerical weakness and physical exhaustion, and linked up with the 5th South Wales Borderers at Pick House, where the men of the South Wales stayed for three days in the face of determined attacks until rescued by their countrymen of the 58th Brigade.

Hill 63, too, has its own splendid story of how the 4th Shropshires and the 9th Cheshires gave obedience to the Commander-in-Chief's famous order, 'Backs to the wall.'

Over to the north of Wytshaete will be found a memorial as well merited as any in France. It is a memorial to the 9th Division which, under General Jeffreys, could claim that it held, and refused to yield to a ruthless and immensely stronger enemy, one of the keys to the Channel ports.

Kemmel's Story

Kemmel Hill, is, of course, rich with interest, though here is little tangible evidence of the fighting except, of course, such places as the Laiterie Military Cemetery, or the military plot in Kemmel Churchyard.

During the battle, the 9th Division fought continuously about Kemmel Hill for nine hours. Later, the French attempted to recapture it, and though they did not succeed, the 19th Lancashire Fusiliers, who became involved in the fighting, played its part according to plan. The pristine newness of Kemmel village gives no clue to the grim history of the old village it replaces, and Kemmel brook babbles by. Only to those who know the story of April and May, 1918, does it tell how two brigades of British troops waded through its cold waters at dawn, and captured Kemmel village with 200 prisoners. By this time, reinforcements from home had begun to arrive for our sorely-tried divisions, and the capture of Kemmel village was one of the earliest of the successes which can be claimed by those boys of 19 and 20

who were hurried out to take the places of their elder brothers.

They came not a moment too soon, for, by the time the Germans abandoned their desperate gamble for the Channel ports, our divisions hereabouts had been reduced almost to vanishing point. Indeed, as an illustration of the general condition of weakness, it may be noted that three battalions of the King's Liverpool regiment, the 17, 18 and 19th, were emerged into one battalion, and that still a weak one.

Viewing the battlefields and particularly those whereon these actions of early 1918 took place, one thinks primarily of the infantry for their lot, of course, was the most terrible. But none who witnessed those actions can forget how splendidly the other arms played their part, particularly the Royal Artillery.

The infantry, at all events, was forward, and could see what they were doing; the gunners were in the dark, often out of touch with the situation. This obscurity was often deepened by the fact that they were covering units with which they were not normally associated, members of another family, as it were. Sometimes, at a moment's notice, they had to hitch up guns and horses and be off at the gallop, providing from their own personnel riflemen to cover the retirement of their guns. Or worse, they might be obliged to destroy their guns, and taking rifles, join the infantry and die in the ditches. Truly do the gunners merit a large share, of the honour which goes to those who saved their country in the difficult days of March and April, 1918.

(The End)

Big Bill.—WORLD'S BIGGEST porker owned by William—of Leigh, Nebraska, who weighs 1,245 pounds and measures seven feet, eight inches from the tip of his tale to the end of his snout.—Picture caption in the Miami Daily News.

Spare Parts.—What are you doing now?"

"I have found a new circus turn—the friendship of a lion and a goat." "But aren't there quarrels between them?"

"Oh, yes, they have their little quarrels but then we buy a new goat."

Tender Consideration.—Both men were examined by veterinaries, and immediately shot by Humane Society officers.—Toronto Globe.

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OUR FIRST SCOOP

While a great stir recently was created throughout the country when a Toronto newspaper published the love letters of a famous swimmer, we feel that the love letters of the SILVER KNIGHT of Canada will cause a still greater sensation. We wish to state that these letters were secured by fair journalistic enterprise and also that they are fully protected by copyright and cannot be printed without the permission of THE GOAT.

As many of our readers outside the province of Quebec have only heard of The Silver Knight through the press, we would point out when reading them it be borne in mind that the write ris still a tender youth despite his fame. He states he was sent to Canada by his father because he threw a roll of music at the butler a terrible punishment when one comes to think of it, for such a minor offense.

When Miss Oldwitch was interviewed by THE GOAT'S reporter who secured the scoop, she burst into tears. His engagement to Miss Ina Coggleys of Caughnawaga had reached her ears and she was quite beside herself. "I cannot understand," she sobbed, "why baby should have thrown me down in this manner. For five years we have corresponded through The Montreal Daily Star's "Margaret Currie" column. Now it is all over for I feel I cannot hold my own against so many admirers seek his favour. (It was then, during a moment of weakness, that she consented to our publishing his letters which had been clipped from the newspaper.)

The two which follow were picked at random from clippings and is a fair example of the wonderful manner in which he plays with the emotions of the fair readers of the Montreal Star:

"Dear annie:

Gee I had a WUNNERFUL time last nite. I met a swell bim down town and we took awalk. Betty my steardy, passed us and you should see how jelus she looked. I got a date on tonite so I gotta go."

"dear annie:

You'd be surprised to here what the boys in the Drags think of me. Whenever I cross the square even the nice little lady who lives in Barracks always comes to the door

and gives me the glad eye. Corse I know she likes me, but we have a lovely boy in the room who is stuck on her, and I woodnt like to hurt his feelings. I goota see a swell bim tonite so ta ta."

THE GOAT takes great pleasure in being able to publish the foregoing letters. The intense passion coupled with the high ideals of the writer will, we feel sure, be appreciated by our readers.

In the next issue we will published certain of his letters which give still further an insight into the character of the famous SILVER KNIGHT of Canada.

Sir Arthur K. Yapp, in his book, "In the Service of Youth," being mainly an account of the Y.M.C.A. and its war activities, tells an amusing story of a soldier who had fallen a victim to one of the first gas attacks by the Germans in Flanders. He was invalided out of the Army, but suffered from delusions, imagining that he had no money to buy food or other necessities. He resolved to send a letter to the Almighty, appealing to Him for help. So, with much care and trouble he wrote a letter, which read as follows:—

"Dear Lord,—I am poor soldier, broken by the War. I am desperately hard up and haven't got money with which to buy food, clothing or any of the other necessities of life. Unless you send me ten pounds and send it quick, I don't know what on earth Iam going to do."

He addressed the letter to "The Almighty" and posted it in a pillar-box. In due time it was delivered to the War Office; and the clerks who opened it did a very generous thing. Between them they subscribed no less than seven pounds, which they sent to the poor man by post. It is easy to imagine his delight at receiving it, a reply as he thought, direct from Heaven. Later he sat down and wrote another letter to the Almighty:

"Dear Lord,—I thank you for answering my last letter in the way you did. You have no idea what a help the money has been to me; now I have been able to buy food and clothing. But if you are ever going to send me any more money, please don't send it through the War Office, because they pinched three pounds out of the ten you sent me. If you send any more, please send it through the Y.M.C.-

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A." The Association regarded this as a very high compliment. Raconteur in the Montreal Gazette.

Sports.

FOOTBALL

The oldtime rivals clashed again at the barracks field last Saturday in what was really an important league fixture, inasmuch as four points were at stake. Singer managed to collect these points, but in doing so were extended to the limit by the soldiers, in a game that in practically every respect except the actually manner in which the lone goal was scored, was a replica of the charity cup game of two weeks previous. The outstanding feature of the game was the splendid exhibition of both Beattie and Clarke in their respective goals. Each citadel was frequently threatened by the aggressive play of both forward lines, but the goalkeeper was there every time, and Clarke cannot be blamed for the one goal scored against Garrison. The ball after leaving Duncan's foot was closely covered by Clarke, but unfortunately for Garrison Battle attempted to intercept the shot and diverted the ball past Clarke. This was the only score.

The Garrison half back line played a splendid game on Saturday and many remarked on the manner in which they were closely marking Duncan, Lawrence and Neithercut.

St. Johns District Football League

Standing to date

	P	W	D	L	Pts
C. XL.	15	12	—	3	24
Singer	15	11	1	4	23
Garrison	16	9	2	5	20
Nat. Brick	16	5	1	10	11

Farnham 16 0 0 16 0

As will be seen by the above standing, the Garrison Football Team is now out of the league. It is believed that Singers and C.X.L. will play the final game on Saturday, October 27th on the Barrack Recreation Field.

WANTED—To buy a reasonable Ford.

Auto Suggestion.—"What shall I do to keep from falling in love?"

"Try pricing apartments." Montreal Star.

Busy Family—Grocer—"Half a pound of rashers and some eggs on trust till your father comes home? And why doesn't your mother come here herself?"

Child (innocently) "She's trying another shop!"—Passing Show.

Wee Sma' Hours.—Father—"I should have thought that a night club was the very last place a daughter of mine would go to."

Daughter—"It usually is, darling."—Punch.

Your first kiss brought me near to the grave,

Your second kiss came my life to save'

But if a third kiss you'll bestow,

Not even death can bring me woe.

Greek Folk Song.

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So careless.—Lives of great men all remind us,

As their pages o'er we turn,

That we're apt to leave behind us,

Letters that we ought to burn.

—London Opinion

"That last speaker" said the first guest at the banquet, "was quite entertaining." "Yes, replied the other; and "he's a selfmade man, too." "I thought his delivery rather slow, though." "That's natural. He began life as a messenger boy."

"We want to buy a mattress, please." "Yes, madam. Do you require a spring mattress." "No, you silly. We want one for all the year round!"

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